

# Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

VOLUME III.

POMEROY, MEIGS COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1860.

T. A. PLANTS, Publishers.

NUMBER 6

## Poetry.

### A REFLECTIVE RETROSPECT.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

Twenty years, and something more,  
Since, all active for such knowledge,  
I took some draughts of classic lore,  
Drawn, very mild, at—College;  
Yet I remember all that one  
Could wish to hold in recollection;  
The boys, the joys, the noise, the fun;  
But not a single Conic Section.

I recollect those harsh affairs,  
The morning bells that gave us panic;  
I recollect the formal prayers,  
That seemed like lessons in Mechanic;  
I recollect the dreary way  
In which the students listened to them,  
As when, a boy, I slumbered through them.

I recollect the tutors all  
As truly now, if I may say so,  
As any chapter I recall  
In Homer or Virgil or Naso—  
Disseminated, extremely well,  
"Old Hugh," the midst of fancies;  
I well remember Matthew Bell,  
But very faintly, John A. Howe.

I recollect the prizes paid  
For lessons taught to the bottom;  
(Alas, that pencil-marks should fade!)  
I recollect the chaps who got "em"  
The light equanimity of the  
O'er every passage reckoned stout;  
And look on chaps, not yet deceased,  
A single honor, to the pony!

Ah, me! what changes Time has wrought,  
And how predictions have miscarried!  
A few have reached the goal they sought,  
And some are dead and some are married;  
And some in city journals wait,  
And some are poets, and some are clergies;  
And some are pleading at the bar,  
For jury verdicts, or for crimes.

And some on horse and carriage wait,  
And some in schools with dunces battle;  
And some the Gospel propagate,  
And some the children's heads assail;  
And some are living at ease;  
And some are wrecked in the "revelation";  
Some live in State for bad behavior,  
And one, I hear, upon compulsion.

Lament, who, in his college days,  
Thought "a man's a man's a man's a man,"  
Has left his Puritanism;  
And some, who mourned the negro's fate,  
And held the slaves as most unkind,  
Now hold him, at the market rate,  
On a plantation in Kentucky!

Tom Knox, who swore in such a tone  
He might be doubted whether  
It really was himself alone,  
Or Knox and Erebus together—  
Has grown a very altered man,  
And dwells in his old country;  
Now, however, the Christian plan  
To manages in Ontario.

Alas, for young ambition's vow,  
How anxious fate may overthrow it!  
Poor Harvey, who thought he was  
Who, after long and weary  
Smith came (quite well) memorial stones,  
Who, in his mind to make the law go,  
And in his hand to hold the law,  
Is dwelling in Chicago.

And, under the brilliant rays,  
Once honest, many an ambitious,  
Has taken lately to ways,  
Extremely profligate and vicious;  
By slow degrees, he is  
Has reached at last the very ground,  
And in New York he dwells now,  
A member of the Common Council.

## Miscellaneous.

### COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF JOSHUA WHEAT.

Did you ever see a bashful man, reader? If you have, you have seen one of the most awkward, ungainly creatures among the human bipeds. Now there may be something very attractive and interesting in the awkward timidity of a blushing girl, though I confess I have my doubts in regard to it; but a bashful man, who ever pities him? Though despised by one sex, and laughed at by the other, and always doing what he never ought to have done, and saying what he never intended to say, and one of the most pitiable objects in existence.

To be sure in these days of brass and assurance, when everybody thinks himself as good as his neighbor, and a great deal better, they are very rare. But still they are to be met with occasionally, although they are quickly disappearing, and probably will be long before there will be a trace of them left.

My friend Joshua Wheat was one of this unfortunate class of people. I say he was, for he has improved wonderfully of late years. But I will not anticipate.

No one could have seen Joshua enter a room where there was company, especially ladies, without being aware of this peculiarity of his. He generally either blundered along, looking red or foolish, or shot hurriedly in, with a white, scared face, hiding himself, as soon as possible, from observation behind a door, or in a corner. If there was a chair or stool anywhere in the room which was very near to the door, he generally managed to stumble over it, which was not at all calculated to add to the grace of his entrance. If a pretty girl, sprung to him, he stammered, and turned all sorts of colors, looking as frightened, and ashamed as if he had been convicted of sheep-stealing.

Poor Joshua! there certainly never was a man who had a higher opinion of the better part of oration, or more capable of appreciating the blessings of matrimony; yet he had reached the age of twenty-eight without being one step nearer realizing them than he was eight years before. He had five brothers, but though none of them had half his good looks or sense, they possessed what he did not, plenty of assurance, and a tact of showing all they did know, and were all married and happily settled in life, while he remained a forlorn, disconsolate bachelor.

It was not from the want of means to support a wife, for he had plenty of this world's goods, a well stocked farm, a new house, besides money in a bank. It certainly was not for want of girls, for there were scores of them in the town where he lived; of all sorts and sizes, black-eyed blue-eyed and grey-eyed, and eyes of no color at all. No, Joshua Wheat remained unmarried merely because he had not the moral courage to look any one of the girls in the face and say, "I love you—will you marry me?" These words are very simple, and yet the uninitiated are very easily spoken; yet I have known many a man's courage fail him at the thought of saying them, who would have ridden into the front of the fiercest and hottest battle without the shadow of fear.

At last all the girls of Joshua's acquaintance were married to braver if not better men—all but one, Mary Dearborn, the prettiest one among them all, and as good and sensible as she was pretty. Mary had plenty of suitors, but she turned a cold shoulder to them all, being determined in her own mind, that if she married at all, she would have nobody but Joshua Wheat.

Joshua had taken a great shine to Mary ever since they were children; they used to go to school together in the little red school house on the hill, he drawing her to and from school in the winter on his little sled, and bringing her apples as red and shining as her rosy cheeks.

When they grew older he still exhibited his preference for her, though in a somewhat different manner. Every Sabbath, after meeting was over, he would post himself by the church door to escort her home, and in the evening, arrayed in his "Sunday best," he might have been seen striking a match to light a cigar, or about nine o'clock the old folks would go off to bed, leaving Joshua and Mary together. And there he would sit, looking straight into the fire, scarcely daring to move or breathe, with the momentous question trembling on the very tip of his tongue, yet not leaving it.

No nearer toward the object of his visit when he left the house than when he entered it. Things went on in this way for a number of months. But at last an event occurred which gave Joshua quite a start. A son of Dr. Hale, the village physician, came home from college, where he had graduated, it is said, with considerable distinction. He was tall, lank, smooth-faced fellow, with more learning than brains, and more brass than either. He saw Mary in church the first Sabbath after his return, and took a great fancy to her, and immediately began paying her considerable attention.

Young Hale had always been Mary's particular aversion. She disliked him from his boisterousness; but she did not seem to flirt with him a little, hoping to arouse Joshua's jealousy and bring him to the point.

It seemed to have its effect, for, looking that Mr. Lawrence, one of his neighbors, a thriving farmer, intended to give a party, and having obtained an inkling in some way, that "college chap," as he termed his rival, intended to take his Mary, he went over to "Squire Dearborn's" early next morning and asked her himself.

Delighted at the success of her maneuver, Mary gave a smiling consent, and at the appointed time, much to the chagrin of the young collegian, who had intended to appropriate her to himself, she went, accompanied by Joshua.

Arrived at the house, the possibility of losing her, Joshua appeared like a new man, and instead of moping in some corner, he was his wont, not daring to speak to her or any one else, he remained by her side nearly the whole evening, scarcely quitting her for a moment, and then when she requested him to bring her some refreshments.

Mr. Hale, who, it is believed, Joshua's attitude with a jealous eye, heard this request, and being well aware of Joshua's blundering propensities, very maliciously placed a stool in his way. Pretty soon, Joshua came back, and instead of walking around the stool as anybody else would have done, he stumbled over it, sprawling full length upon the floor, and landed the contents of his hands, which consisted of a cup of coffee and a plate heaped with doughnuts, pumpkin pie and various other eatables, directly into Mary's lap.

This unexpected feat produced quite a sensation. Mary set up a loud scream, and the rest of the company rushed to her aid, and in the confusion, she was so much startled, that she was some time before she was restored.

When the tumult had in a measure subsided, Mary looked around her, and the unlucky cause of it, but he was nowhere to be found. Mortified at the ridiculous figure he cut, and the merriment of those who witnessed it, he had rushed from the room, and never stopped or returned his head until he had reached his room and bolted the door, firmly resolving as he did so, that he would never speak or look at a girl again, as long as he lived.

Poor Mary was more annoyed at Joshua's evident discomfiture than at the loss of her dress, which was nearly ruined, and she conceived a stronger dislike than ever to the young collegian, whom she was sure was at the bottom of it. She resolutely declined his proffered escort at the close of the entertainment, going home with one of her brothers; leaving him the alternative of attending some other lady, or going home by himself.

Two days passed, and Joshua never came near her; and on the Monday following, Mary put on her bonnet and shawl, and went over to the house for the ostensible purpose of having a gossip with old Mrs. Wheat, who lived with her son, but in reality to find out what had become of her sensitive lover.

Much to her disappointment, Joshua was not at home, though she saw a coat tail quickly disappearing through an opposite door as she entered the room, which she shrewdly conjectured to belong to him. She hit upon a plan, and called on the old lady, with whom she was quite a favorite, Mary arose to go, saying, "she guessed she would go across the lots, as it was considerably near."

She accordingly passed out the back way. As she was going, she caught a glimpse of Joshua in an adjoining or hind, walking disconsolately among the trees laden with their luscious fruit, and looking as though he hadn't a friend in the world.

He started and colored as his eyes fell upon Mary.

"Why, Mr. Wheat," she exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, "who could have thought of finding you here? Why, I haven't seen you for an age! Have you been sick?"

"Yes—no—that is, I haven't been very well, lately," stammered poor Joshua, looking as though he had half a mind to run away.

"You don't say so! You're looking pale!" said Mary, with an appearance of great sympathy, glancing mischievously at his face, which was growing redder every moment, and which certainly showed no signs of ill-health.

"What a beautiful situation you have!" she continued, after a pause, looking admiringly around on the well-cultivated farm. "There is only one thing wanting to make you quite comfortable," she added, and that was a wife. What in the world is the reason you don't get married, Joshua?"

The poor fellow colored clear up to the tips of his hair. I really don't know," he gasped, "there—there won't anybody have me."

"Fiddlesticks!" was the laughing rejoinder. "I know better than that! There are plenty that would, if you would only take the trouble to ask them. I know of one, at least," she added in a low tone.

"No! but really do you?" inquired Joshua eagerly. "Who can it be?"

This was rather too much, and growing indignant at either his stupidity or the insolence of the question, he seized the opportunity she gave him, she remained silent.

"What a singular looking apple that is, that you hold in your hand!" he remarked at last, breaking the embarrassing silence that had ensued.

"It is a new kind," returned Joshua, "it is a new kind that I grafted last year, and the only one that came to perfection. Won't you have it, Miss Mary?" he added, looking at her timidly.

"Will I have you, Joshua? Of course I will!" said Mary, with the most innocent air imaginable.

The tenderest handshake, scarcely daring to believe his ears. "Are you in earnest, Mary?" he inquired, looking anxiously into her face.

"To be sure I am," she returned, laughing and coloring, "and we will be married next Christmas."

Joshua, who contained himself, Joshua immediately then his arms around Mary, and ratified the bargain with a hearty kiss, at which performance Mary manifested not the slightest objection or displeasure.

On the following Christmas there was a merry wedding at "Squire Dearborn's" with all the friends of Joshua and Mary, and the chief actors.

And now, the staid, dignified looking man who walks into church with such an important air, with his wife on one side, and little boy on the other, would hardly be recognized as that blundering awkward fellow, Joshua Wheat.

**Colored Emigration to Hayti.**

A few days ago, a vessel sailed from New Orleans with eighty-one free colored persons, belonging to Louisiana, who go to try their chances in Hayti. The passengers are:—

Mr. Smith, wheelwright, carpenter, &c. Some of them are professed workers, who have long been employed making the stuff called Attakapas cottonade, so favorably known in the market. They take along with them the necessary machinery for that trade, and all sorts of agricultural and mechanical instruments.

The eighty-one persons—twenty-four adults and fifty-seven children and youths—compose fourteen families, or rather households, for they are all related, the eighty-one may be called one family. They are all in easy circumstances, some even rich, one family being worth as much as \$50,000. They were all land-owners in this State, and have sold out their property with the intention of investing their capital in Hayti.

**A Wise Son.**

At a recent election in Massachusetts, a lad presented himself at the polls to claim the benefit of the elective franchise. Feeling a deep interest in a certain candidate, the father, who was evidently opposed to the boy's pretensions, stood by the ballot box and challenged his right to vote, on the ground of his not being of age.

The young man declared he was twenty-one years old, that he knew it, and insisted on his right.

The father, becoming indignant, and wishing, as the saying is, "to bluff him off," he told the judges, said:

"Now, Bob, will you stand up there and contradict me? Don't I know how old you are? Wasn't I there?"

Bob looked his contempt for the old man's speech, as he hastily replied:

"Thunderation, s'pose you was; wasn't I there? This settled the affair, and in went the son's vote."

**Why Indians are Called Hoosiers.**

The Rev. Aaron Wood recently delivered a course of lectures in Greenock on "The Unwritten History of Indiana." In the course of which he stated, the origin of the word Hoosier as follows:

"Louisville was a great resort for the Indiana folks, and very frequently rows would occur. The Kentucky bullies would swear they were 'half Hoosier,' and the balance snappin' 'tarts.' On a certain occasion a Mr. Short, who had heard old Col. Lemonsky lecture on the wars of Napoleon, in which he related the battles of the Cossacks and Hussars, (the Col. pronounced it Hoosars) was in Louisville, and got into a muss, when he jumped up and swore he was a Hoosier, since which time we have been called Hoosiers."

**Transfusion of Blood.**

A successful case of transfusion of blood into the veins of a woman was performed lately in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. The woman, though in the prime of life, had become somewhat of the loss of blood, that pulsation was at times imperceptible. The blood of a friend was injected into a vein in one of her arms, and the most cheering result, was immediately manifested. She continued to improve rapidly, and at last accounts was considered beyond danger.

**The most sensible Union meeting of the season** was one held the other night in the United States and Territory, New York, when the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the Union be saved.

Resolved, That the Union is saved.

There are 3,364 newspapers published in the United States and Territory, of which 613 are in New York, 416 in Pennsylvania, 382 in Ohio, 221 in Illinois, and 216 in Massachusetts, leaving 1,510 for the rest of the States.

## THE RECENT ELOPEMENT OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

A paragraph among the foreign news by a late arrival made brief mention of the elopement of the wife of John Henry Gurney with her footman. A Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Tribune furnishes the following additional particulars:

"Mr. Gurney is the son of Joseph John Gurney, the distinguished Quaker preacher and philanthropist, well known by his extensive travels in this country, some years ago for the purpose of visiting the meetings of the society to which he belongs. The latter was a brother of the well-known banker, Samuel Gurney; his sister was the celebrated Elizabeth Fry, and his widow is a native of Pennsylvania. The family name and character are thus familiar to thousands in this country, who will be interested in hearing some particulars of the domestic desolation so hastily dispatched in the foreign summary. Letters received here by the last steamer have been shown to me, which furnish full particulars of the case."

The fugitive wife was the only child of Richard Gurney, a Quaker, and a Quaker, John, and was married to the husband she has abandoned when she was only fifteen years old. She is now twenty-eight, and has two children. Her father, at her death, left a fortune of \$5,000,000—one-half to her children, and the other half to her husband, during her life—the principal, at her death, to go also to her children. In addition to this abundance, her husband is also very wealthy, a member of Parliament, and maintains a splendid city establishment and several country seats.

As a man, a citizen, a husband, and a father, perhaps all England does not contain a better or brighter character. He married for love, and was passionately attached to his wife, lavishing on her every attention and indulgence which an overflowing fortune and affection could suggest as likely to contribute to her happiness. His friends, and his friends, with the exception of her own, were all devoted to her, until he was alienated, until he heard the blasting intelligence from her own lips.

"A young man, whose name is Taylor, had been highly recommended to Mr. Gurney as a groom or footman, to take charge of Mrs. Gurney's horses, and as such, he was introduced to the family, and was accordingly employed in that capacity. Taylor was an educated man, of fine appearance and pleasing manners, and three or four years younger than his mistress. Thus thrown together, she conceived a passion for him, and he, in turn, for her. The tenderest romance, and the most perfect of friendship, was established between them, until she openly avowed it to him, declaring that, though the latter had been faithless as a husband, and only too indulgent, yet she had ceased to love him; that her heart was with Taylor, and that she had determined to abandon the husband for him. The tenderest romance, and the most perfect of friendship, was established between them, until she openly avowed it to him, declaring that, though the latter had been faithless as a husband, and only too indulgent, yet she had ceased to love him; that her heart was with Taylor, and that she had determined to abandon the husband for him.

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## A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

A merchant, who wished to celebrate his daughter's wedding, collected a party of her young companions; they encircled around her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. Her father gazed proudly on the lovely bride, and hoped that as bright prospects for the future might open for the rest of his children, who were playing among the guests. Passing through the hall of the basement, he met a servant who was carrying a lighted candle in his hand and without a candlestick. He blamed her for such conduct, and went into the kitchen to see about supper. The girl soon returned, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that one of them had been opened.

"Where is your candle?" he inquired in the darkest hour.

"I couldn't bring it up with me for my arms were full of wood," replied the girl.

"Where did you put it?"

"Well, I do not candlestick, so I stuck it in some black stick that's in the small Joseph's room."

Her master dashed down the stairs—the passage was long and dark—his knees threatened to give away under him—his breath was choked—his flesh seemed dry and parched, as he clearly felt the suffocating blast of death. At the length of the company struck up a song, and the girl, who was in the room, where her children and their friends were reveling in their felicity, he saw the open barrel of powder fall to the top; the candlestick loosely in the grain, with a long red snuff of burnt wick; this sight seemed to wither all his powers; father, perhaps all England does not contain a better or brighter character. He stood a moment unable to move. The music commenced above, the feet of the dancers responded with vivacity; the floor shook, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He feared the candle moved—was falling; with desperate energy he rushed forward, but how to remove it? the slightest touch would cause the red-hot wick to fall into the powder. With unequalled presence of mind, he placed a hand on each side of the candle, with the open palm upwards, and the fingers pointed towards the ceiling, and as he did so, his hands were secured in the clasping of his fingers, and safely moved away from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs, he smiled at previous alarm—but the reaction was powerful, and he fell into fits of most violent laughter. He was conveyed to his room, and his friends, who were his nerves recovered sufficiently to allow him to resume his business.—Boston Free Press.

**Local Papers.**

The Seneca Falls (N. Y.) Revue "hits the nail on the head," thus:—"Local papers should be a complete reflex of the business and prosperity of their place of publication, and every one ought to be impressed with the importance of this fact who has charge of a local paper. It should be the policy of every duty of all business men to patronize, sustain and encourage their local journals, not only for their own individual interest, but for the welfare of the community in which they are published. It is through this source that one is qualified to judge of the business and activity of the community, and the necessity of liberally patronizing local papers, not only by the way of advertising, but in furnishing the material to make them entertaining and profitable to all. It cannot be expected that an editor is cognizant of all that is transpiring throughout the town and county, for this duty should be left to a privilege to assist in making public, through the local papers, events of daily occurrence in the community in which he resides. By this course, editors can furnish, through their respective papers, a complete record of all that transpires of interest in town and country."

**Having the Advantage.**

Tom Hobbs was a queer fellow in his day, and lived in a place somewhere down in what is called Ocean County, New Jersey. Tom would think like a fish, and when he had taken his fifth glass of morning, no man possessed more shrewdness. When in this condition, and in his happiest mood, Tom one morning met a gentleman on horseback, whom he had never put his eyes upon before. As he was in the country, Tom immediately accosted him:

"Ah! here you are, my good fellow, how do you do? Upon my honor it does my heart good to see you once more—How's your family, and the old woman? We haven't seen her long time!—When is she coming down to see my wife?"

"I am quite well, I thank you," said the gentleman, "but indeed, sir, you have the advantage."

"Advantage? my good fellow, what advantage?" inquired Tom.

"Why, really, sir, I beg your pardon," replied the gentleman, "but I do not know you."

"Know me!" exclaimed Tom, "well I don't know you—and I should like to know where the dew is the advantage?"

"I am tired to death," So you have said often, and are alive still, and in good health, too.

"I have not had a wink of sleep all night." And yet your bed-fellow heard you snore several times.

"I don't know how it is, people are not used to me doing it for the world."

"And yet you have done many things equally as bad for a penny."

"We were up to our knees in mud."—You know very well that the dirt was not over your shoes.

A few weeks ago a baby was taken to church to be baptized, and its little brother was present during the rite. On the following Sunday, when the baby was undergoing his ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked, mamma if she intended to carry Willie to be christened? "Why, no," said the mother; "don't you know, my son, people are not baptized twice?" "What!" returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment in his earnest face, "not if it don't take the first time?"

## Another Expulsion from Ky.

From the Cincinnati Gazette, Jan. 31.

**More Anti-Slavery Men Banished.**

**MOB LAW ENFORCED.**

**THE PROCEEDINGS, &c., &c.**

Some of the persons lately expelled from Berea, Madison county, Kentucky, having manifested an intention of taking up their abodes in Bracken and Lewis counties, strong manifestations of displeasure have been exhibited by a portion of the inhabitants of those localities. The excitement has been growing more intense for a week or two past, and at last found its vent in meetings, the proceedings of which we announced previously.

On Sunday, the 21st, a public meeting was held at Orangeburg, Mason county, where the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, Our fellow-citizens of the county of Madison have recently expelled therefrom the Rev. John G. Fee—a radical abolitionist and zealous agent and emissary of the anti-slavery societies of the North—and many confederates in the dissemination of his principles, and the accomplishment of the illegal and dangerous purposes of his mission; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That we approve of the action of the citizens of Madison county, rendered, as we believe, necessary and justifiable by a proper regard for the protection of their property, and the safety and security of their families.

That no Abolitionist has a right to establish himself in the slaveholding community, and disseminate opinions and principles destructive of its tranquility and safety.

That forbearance ought not will not by us be extended to those persons who come hither with intent to, and who do actually interfere with our rights for property or domestic institutions. Our own peace, and the good of the slaves, alike demand their expulsion.

4. That Kentucky has never assailed, openly or covertly, the rights or institutions of the North, nor will she suffer, silently or unrepelled, any aggression upon those guaranteed to her either by her own or that of the Constitution of the United States.

5. That we desire and demand to be "let alone," leaving our offices and philanthropic friends at the North and elsewhere, to work out their personal and political salvation with fear and trembling.

6. That the Rev. James Davis (a co-worker with the Rev. John G. Fee, and one of those expelled from Madison), as we understand, now resident on Cabin creek, in Lewis county, Ky., and has, as we are informed, been requested to circulate a large number of "Helps" Compendium of the Impending Crisis of the South," a book, in the estimation of this meeting, dangerous in its spirit and tendencies. Be it further resolved, That his presence and residence among us is highly objectionable, and that he be informed, by the committee, to remove from Kentucky, and that Charles Dimmitt, John R. Bean, James Francis, Samuel Ford, James Hise, Garrett Bradley and Leonard Bean are hereby appointed a committee to inform Mr. Davis of the purpose and object of this meeting, and that he be notified to leave within seven days next after the same is made him, or suffer the consequences of non-compliance therewith. Duty, safety, and the interest of the community compelling us, in the event of non-compliance, to resort to means alike painful to us and hazardous to him.

7. In case Mr. Davis does not leave, that the committee herebefore appointed, call another public meeting to consider and determine what action shall be had in the premises.

8. That these proceedings be signed by the President and Secretary, and published in the Maysville papers.

**MEETING IN BRACKEN COUNTY.**

On Monday, the 23d inst., a meeting was held at Brooksville, Bracken county, the proceedings of which we give below:

A meeting of the citizens of Bracken and Mason counties, Kentucky, called for the purpose of considering the propriety of allowing John G. Fee & Co., and others of like character to settle among us, was held at Brooksville, Bracken county, Ky., January 23d, 1860.

On motion of John H. Boone, Col. W. Orr was elected President, and Gen. Samuel Worthington and Rudolph Black Vice Presidents. Arthur Fox, James W. Armstrong and J. A. Kackley, were appointed Secretaries.

On motion of Judge Jos. Doniphan, a committee of twelve was appointed to draw resolutions expressing the sense of this meeting. The following persons were appointed as said Committee: Dr. J. Taylor Bradford, Col. A. Bledsoe, W. P. Delt, Dr. John Coburn, Judge Jos. Doniphan, Isaac Reynolds, Henry Anderson, John E. French, A. J. Coburn, Robert Coleman, R. P. Dimmitt and Col. A. Soward.

The committee, through their chairman, Judge Joseph Doniphan, presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, John Gregg Fee and John G. Hanson, lately expelled from Madison county, Kentucky, are now in Bracken county, preparing to make it their home, and whereas, that both Fee and Hanson are enemies to the State, dangerous to the security of our lives and property, we, the citizens of Kentucky, deem it our duty to protect our lives and property from enemies at home as well as abroad, do solemnly declare the said John G. Fee and John G. Hanson must, by the 4th day of February next, leave this county and State.

1. That we earnestly entreat them to do so without delay, but in the event of their failing to do so by that time, they shall do so even should it require physical force to accomplish the end.

2. That J. B. Mallett, a school teacher in district No. 27, and Wyatt Robinson and — Holman, must leave this county and State at the same time; and in the event of their failing or refusing, they shall be expelled by force, and that for the purpose of carrying out these resolves a committee of fifty of our citizens be appointed to notify the said Hanson, Fee, Mallett, Robinson, and Holman,

of the action of this meeting, and said committee be also empowered to give notice to any other person of like character to leave the State, and report the same to the meeting to be held in Germantown on the 6th day of February next.

3. That Dr. J. Taylor Bradford, chairman; Rudolph Black, W. H. Reynolds, Henderson Anderson, Jonathan Hedgecock, C. A. Soward, W. Orr, Dr. John W. Fehune, Washington Ward, Jesse Holton, John Taylor, J. W. Armstrong, James Booth, W. Winter, Marcus Ware, E. W. Chinn, R. S. Thomas, John M. Walton, R. P. Dimmitt, Wm. Dougherty, J. A. Kackley, John M. Pearl, Robt. Coleman, David Brooks, Thurman Pollock, Joseph Doniphan, A. D. Moore, Riley Boat, D. R. Cinnville, J. H. Murry, sen. of Bracken, A. Killgore, Sen. Saml. Worthington, J. E. French, Benj. Kirk, Chas. Gordon, Isaac Reynolds, Col. A. Bledsoe, James Y. Reynolds, Sen. Dr. John A. Coburn, Jacob Slack, B. W. Woods, sen., Gen. Samuel Foreman, A. J. Coburn, C. A. Lyon, Samuel Frazee, A. Fox, R. O. Lewis, John D. Lloyd, Thornton Norris, Thos. Worthington, J. W. Reynolds, J. G. Bacon and A. Hargot, of Mason, shall compose that committee.

That we, the committee, in the event of said Fee, Hanson, Mallett, Robinson and Holman failing to remove, that then the committee report the result to a meeting to be held in Germantown, Ky., on the 6th day of February next.

That we, the committee, in case of a church, known as the Free Church, by Abolition preachers, and we now solemnly declare that we will resist by all possible means, the occupying said church, by such incendiary persons.

5. That the Secretaries be requested to prepare copies of the proceedings of this meeting, and furnish them to the Mountain Democrat, Richmond Messenger, Augusta Sentinel, Maysville Eagle and Maysville Express.

The meeting then adjourned.

WM. ORR, President.

ARTHUR FOX, JAMES W. ARMSTRONG, J. A. KACKLEY, Secretaries.

**CITIZENS NOTIFIED TO LEAVE.**

In accordance with the resolutions adopted at the Bracken county meeting, a committee representing the organized mob, proceeded on Thursday, the 25th inst., to the work assigned them, and notified Fee, Hanson, Mallett, Holman, Robinson, Griggs and Griffin, that they must be without the State on or by the 4th of Feb. next.

They assumed an astonishing amount of pomposity. Such was the power assumed by them that they passed through the toll-gate and informed the keeper that "this company paid no toll."

They first met in Germantown, and proceeded in a body to the residence of Mr. John Humlong, and called for J. B. Mallett.

He came out within a few steps of the company, when the chairman, Dr. Bradford, called out in a stern voice, as follows:—"Walk this way, Mr. Mallett; don't have any fears, we don't intend to do you any harm, Mr. Mallett, we don't expect you; he was in the company of gentlemen, he supposed." Dr. Bradford read the resolutions, and asked, "Do you intend to leave?" Mr. Mallett replied that he had said he intended to do so.

Mr. Mallett asked the privilege of making a few remarks, but was told by the mob he had no time to listen. Mr. Humlong asked and was also denied this privilege. However he made the inquiry what was this for? They replied, for teaching incendiary and insurrectional sentiments. Mr. H. said he